

POETRY.

Selected.

ALBION.

I view thee, proud Home of my youth,
Thy Vallies so lovely and green—
And the friends which in spirit and truth
The Days of my Childhood have seen.

Erin—dear Erin—loved emerald Isle,
A stranger to coolness, a stranger to gale;
Thy sons are the brave, and thy daughters the true;
Erin—loved Erin—my heart is with you.

A hand for the friend, for the foe a blow;
A smile for the happy, a tear for the woe;
May Heaven pour down, on thy valour-gift
Its choicest of blessings, loved Erin ashore.

GALEDONIA.

And thou, Galedonia! the Planet which
shines,
Mid the Nations peaceful and clear—
The land of a Wallace, a Bruce, and a Burns,
A Brougham, a Scott, and a Napier!

The children, wherever they may be cast,
Rejoice in the name of their Sire;
And exulting proclaim that proud Virtue's the goal,
Which each true Scottish home inspires.

VARIETIES.

(From the London Literary Gazette.)
COURTSHIP.

Less than forty years ago, there dwelt in Liverpool, a gentleman, a surgeon by profession, whose name was Helen. He had "one only daughter," who was known by the modest christian name of Priscilla, and like old Polonius, he lived her "passing well." As the mother of Priscilla had died very young, she became the very "apple of her father's eye."—The thing upon whom he lavished all the affections of his nature. Having always been absorbed in the mere dry details of his profession, he was not a man possessed of many elegant accomplishments. He, however, determined within himself, that his daughter should be a model of perfection. No cost or pains were spared to render her a complete paragon in every species of accomplishment. Her genius was, as it were, put into a hot bed. When the first years of childhood were past, her father, whose indulgence was unbounded, and who wanted the necessary taste to take upon himself the direction of her studies, allowed her to undertake such as pleased her own fancy. It was not enough, that a young girl, of an ardent disposition, thus left to herself, should make choice of that which was showy and fashionable, rather than that which was useful. Her reading, also, was confined principally to novels and romances, through the whole life of which she was permitted to glide without a helm or pilot to direct her course.—Now we have no objection to these elegant and lighter flowers of the garland of literature; but we should, in all cases, be judiciously selected, and only resorted to as occasional services to unbind the mind after more serious and serviceable studies.

It is observable, and is withal, perfectly natural, that a young lady, no sooner arrives at a slight knowledge of herself, than an innate tenderness arises in her heart, which to herself only requires no object. One would have thought, that with Priscilla's father, considering the inflammatory sort of reading to which she had been addicted, and the desultory, though expensive course of her education, this feeling would very early have developed itself. Such, however, was not the case. Though of a lively imagination, she was naturally a girl of good sense, and she avoided, intuitively, the shoals of folly and coxcombs who were so assiduous in paying their court to her. She was in her twentieth year, when, at a party, she met with Henry Selwyn, a young man of talent and acquirements. Now, she had, in common with the rest of her sex, imbibed the silly opinion, that, as men are necessary to the masters, and protectors after marriage; it is proper that women should have the prerogative of exercising as much tyranny as they possibly can previous to that event.

Selwyn soon became very assiduous in his attentions to Priscilla, and it was evident to all that he was deeply and devotedly in love with her. When she made the discovery her sensations were any thing but disagreeable, for her heart had long pined for an object on which her good sense might allow it to fix itself. When, however, young Selwyn began to make those pointed advances towards her, which a so well understood, she kept aloof, and dissembling her real feelings, treated him with rigid coolness and formality. We will not undertake to say, that such conduct is wrong in all cases. Indeed, like the ancient Parthians, conquer most when they seem to fly. Selwyn, perceiving that of his passions by the perseverance with which he pursued the siege for the space of six months, during which the icy frigidity with which the lady had armed herself seemed likely to be thawed. He had managed adroitly to get introduced to Mr. H. Helen, and, as the latter found, from his conversation with his daughter, that she held Selwyn in high estimation, he was admitted to the house on the most friendly footing.

At length the poor young man became seriously ill, in consequence of the continued deprivation of his fondly cherished hopes. Mr. H. Helen was called in to attend him. At first he was much puzzled

to make out the nature of the disorder, with which his patient was afflicted. He imagined it to be a nervous fever. Selwyn, however, knowing the infirmity of all medicine to a "mind diseased," on the third visit described his symptoms more accurately than he did at first, by confessing the real state of the case. The father was not displeased. He liked the young man, and his prospects and character were unexceptionable. One thing, however, he had long made up his mind to—that his daughter's inclinations should be the law upon which he would alone act in the disposal of her hand.

Priscilla was not at all disconcerted when her father abruptly informed her of his decision which he had made. It was the very subject which had been occupying her thoughts for hours before. During the illness of Selwyn, pity had stepped in and subdued her heart till it was pervaded only by the best and tenderest feelings of her sex. She then felt in full force how dearly she loved the poor youth, and how highly she appreciated his amiable qualities. The natural frankness of her disposition at that moment predominated, and she felt her father all that she felt, and had so long and cruelly concealed. She concluded by commissioning him to tell Selwyn that she accepted him. It will be easily conceived how rapidly was the recovery of the latter after his prescriptions from such a doctor. Three days after, he was at her feet thanking her, in effusive terms, for the happiness which she had bestowed upon him.

Priscilla was not yet disposed to renounce the command which she held. She did not, as she ought to have done, become at once the confiding friend of her lover. If ever he presumed to step over the rigid bounds which she had prescribed for him, and to approach the verge of the familiar with her, she frowned him into retreat.—Enamoured as he was, he was fully disposed to all-w her to be the superior being she assumed. She was an angel—a goddess, and he a willing slave. Alas! neither of them took into consideration, that things could not always be thus. At length, Selwyn, aided by the intercession of Mr. H. Helen, persuaded her to name a day for the nuptials. The ceremony was performed, and never did a pair, who loved each other more ardently, view eternal constancy at the altar of God.—The result of such an union ought to have been immediate happiness. But the tables were now naturally turned. Selwyn felt that he was his husband and lord.—The awe of distance no longer elevated her into the sphere; matrimony brought him face to face with her; the infirmities of temper became known on both sides; they ought to have been known before. Amiable, estimable as he knew her to be, he still loved her with passionate ardour, but he, as a matter of course, found, that he had too long viewed her rather through the veil of fancy than with the eye of truth, and he saw that she was not an angel, but a woman.

Priscilla, on the other hand, could not at once give up the rule to which she had so long been accustomed. Not to those solemn grandeur, which had appeared so imposing during the period of courtship, Selwyn as a husband, could in no wise submit. They now took their right appellation, and got their proper appellation of his and caprices. The consequence of all this was, many a month of heart-burning, and bickering, and recrimination, which might have been spared them, had the proper degree of confidence existed before marriage. By degrees, they became accustomed to their relative situations, and Mrs. Selwyn at length found, that she was much happier in having her husband a familiar and devoted friend, whom she could look up to, than a creature whom she could tyrannize over at her caprice.

In conclusion, we would say, to men of sense, for we write not to gallants and coxcombs—the candid and sincere in your intercourse with the female of your choice. Begin as you intend to end. Make her not your idol, but speak the language of truth to her at first or never. The ladies will presume to advise—nay, we will interpose to allow their lovers a respectful and familiar communion with them. Surely they cannot too thoroughly know the man to whose guidance and will they intend to entrust the conduct of their whole life. Let confidence, be so mutual, that both may have an opportunity of founding itself upon the rocky base of esteem.

(From the Montreal Gazette.)

"We perceive by the Hamilton Mercury, that a public dinner will take place in that village on the 14th of October next, to commemorate the battle of Queenston, 'with a view' (as the notice states) 'to strengthen and perpetuate those feelings of loyalty and attachment to the British Constitution, on which the permanent prosperity of Upper Canada so mainly depends.' The number and character of the individuals, who have signed the public notice above alluded to, would be sufficient to develop the object intended by the dinner, without further explanation, and we rejoice to see a phalanx of gentlemen, with the Hon. James Crooks at their head, arrayed in the sacred cause of defending our glorious Constitution from the machinations of a party, who have no object but revolution and republicanism as the foundation of their mischievous and wicked projects. Such associations are eminently calculated to strengthen the basis of our constitution from the encroachments of democracy and despotism, and we hope the noble example of the Gore District will be adopted in every portion of Upper Canada."

We believe the battle and conquest of Ogdensburg took place on the 22d February 1813, and we hope the Gentlemen of the Eastern section of the Province will commemorate the event by a similar display of loyal feeling and enthusiasm. O the McDonalds, who were distinguished that day, we may mention.

Captains, George McDonald,
Duncan McDonald,
Donald McDonald,
John McDonald,
Eneas McDonald,
John McDonald,
James McDonald.

Of the Frasers in the fight, we may mention.

Colonels, William Fraser,
Thomas Fraser,
Captains, William Fraser,
Richard Duncan Fraser,
Thomas Fraser,
James Fraser,
John Fraser, 1st.
John Fraser, 2nd.
John Fraser, 3d.
Donald Fraser,
William Fraser,
Simon Fraser,
Peter Fraser.

Of other Gentlemen, who shared in the honors of the day, were Duncan Cooke, Esquire, James Jones, Esquire, Kenneth Sherwood, Esquire, and other Gentlemen of this neighbourhood, and indeed, it would be a waste of candor to omit the names of honest Daniel McLeod, who understood, performed his duty as a Scotchman and a soldier ought to do. Why should not the Gentlemen above mentioned with the others, who participated in the glories of the day, commemorate the achievement, by a public dinner, or some other mark of remembrance and honor?

THE YOUNG HEIR'S DEATH BED.

BY MRS. NORTON.

There was a heavy silence in the magnificent apartment for the young heir of the house of Rothseaton lay panting with fever, and almost unconscious of the presence of those around him.—The fatal decision had been pronounced; the inheritance of an Earl of dem, of wealth, of title and distinction; the beautiful and spoiled child of prosperity was to be snatched from his parents and laid in the cold earth. Lord Rothseaton walked impatiently up and down the room from the large windows which threw a mellow light on the cheek of his child, to the oak door with its ivory handles, and earnestly strove to compose and gaze into the faces of the three physicians, whom a vain care had assembled round the bed—and a cold thrill passed through his heart. He thought of the joy and bell-tolling at the birth of his beautiful and sickly boy—of his ambitious hopes—of his hatred for his son-in-law, who was the next heir—and he flung himself into a seat with sullen despondency. The physicians continued to converse on different topics in an under tone; and while apparently consulting on the state of their patient, communicated to each other the news of the day, births, marriages, and deaths; family grievances, and political intrigues.—From time to time there was a pause—a glance at the bed—and then conversed again. A little apart from the medical group, sat the sick nurse, covered with lace and ribbons, and drowsily examining the curiously fine linen belonging to the dying child, whose ward she was prepared to prove, should by right of custom be hers, as soon as the child had left his body. Close to the bed stood the young heir's own attendant, a French lady, who had been induced by distress to accept the offer of being to the sickly and wayward offspring of the House of Rothseaton.—The quiet sorrow of many years of trial was written in her face. Her relations had been butchered in the streets of Paris, or murdered by the guillotine; her two children had died with the small pox, when the depth of her poverty disabled her from procuring them the common necessities of life; her husband had perished of a broken heart, without being able to bid her farewell. Sorrow had one thing in common with prosperity—it makes us selfish. The feelings that have been wronged intense; remain number and incapable of deep sympathy in the affliction of others. Standing as she did at the death bed of other to be charge, she could not but grieve over him, for there are few faces in which a child's faults will inspire dislike. She could not but remember the death bed of her own little ones, and the tears stole down her wasted cheeks as she watched; but the predominant feeling on her mind was a dread of the approaching desolateness of her situation—a few hours more, and she could be again thrown on the world without a home—without friends—a lonely being to struggle for a livelihood—to endure the taunts of some, and the menacing compassion of others—and this thought was the bitterest in her heart.

Was there, then, no one could be grieved and crowded luxuries of this chamber of death, who cared for the individual being of the beautiful woman who snatched breathing still became shorter and shorter? Was the ambition of his father the interest of the physicians the mercenary calculation of the tired watcher of his feverish nights—the selfish which regret of the widowed Frenchwoman—was this all that stood between his soul and heaven—all that rose from mortal hearts to tempt God to spare the frail life he had given so lately? Was there no wild prayer like that which David breathed in the agony of his soul, when the child of his sin was taken from him? Was there no mother whose gentle heart felt was nothing in comparison of his existence? Taste was gone, and exhausted—her dark and ea-

ger eyes clouded and heavy with watching, she sat young mother by the bed of her dying child. Grandeur, and power and wealth; the inheritance of titles; the possession of riches; what were they then to her? To him? To life? Life was all she desired; his life, which gold could not buy; which pride could not command; his life and bread to give him; and her soul would be satisfied. She held his hand in hers a faint to move; afraid to speak; his languid head rested heavily upon her bosom; and cramped, chilled, and aching as she felt, she yet smiled bitterly when the sick nurse offered to relieve her of her precious burden. Believe her, it might be the last time his head should ever rest on her breast; the last time the breath might be warm on her cheek; and as the thought passed through her mind, the wan smile quivered on her lip, and a light shudder told that she had choked back the tears which shed, might have broken his slumber. Day-light faded away; the gloomier, parting sun-set ceased to shade a glory through the room; the rolling of carriages through the square became less frequent, and the lamps shone through the foggy close of a London autumn evening. Lord Rothseaton approached the bed; his hand, though handsome features were dark with disrepair; he set his hand to his forehead as he gazed on his son's face, death had thrown a deep shadow there where but he looked on him. If you had taken care of yours, I, Lord Rothseaton, might have been with him, before your father's death was born, instead of ramping like a child he might have been doing now; it would have been better never to have had him than to watch this poor boy through years of ill health, and see him die at last. His young eyes, as he heard the impression of his words, as he feared the impression of his words. But she heard them not. Worn out with watching, she had fallen to a torpor between sleep and faintness; her pale cheek rested near that of her boy, whom she had looked to her bosom, and her heavy eyelids closed over a glimmered with tears. Lord Rothseaton in an altered tone, thus has been to much for you; come away, I have said and rest. She started wildly, and exclaimed, "Is he dead? Is he dead?" and then flinging herself into her husband's arms, she wept long and bitterly. Alas! in an of suffering called her to herself. In vain the physicians advised; in vain her husband entreated. No, said she, it will soon be over, and then, then indeed I will rest.

The day had faded; the night reigned on. Lady Rothseaton rose and looked from the window on the dim trees in the square, and the lines of lamps which lit the solemn city. The muted murmur of night fell upon her ear, and involuntarily she reflected how often in the heated assembly, in the crowded ball, she had sought a moment's calmness on the balcony, and never as now, felt how many sighs of pain; how many dark shadows; how many sounds of revelry, joy, sorrow, anguish and fear, had mingled in the confused murmur which is termed the softness of night. A painful silence! in which every human passion mingled without power to convey itself to the listening ear.

Suddenly the sound of music, distinctly audible, smote on her heart; they were giving a ball within three doors of Rothseaton's house! "Alas, my dying boy!" said the mother, as she crept back to his bedside. The music continued, but it was faintly heard within the room; it would not disturb him; that was comfort.—Far up the long and weary watches of the night, the well known airs haunted her; music and dancing within three doors of her, and she sat waiting for the last gasp of that falling breath.

The night passed away; the long, long endless night, day-dawn came bright and life through the window; the last change raged from the door of the light house; the last guest departed. Lady Rothseaton, sitting by the sick bed, listless and weary; she turned her eyes to the dawning light; it seemed to her then as if one day more were a boon as if to watch an other sunrise, another sunset, in an uncertainty which admitted of wild and unreasonable hope, were something to be thankful for; she knelt and prayed he might not die that day.

The young heir woke, he called feebly and mournfully for water; the cup of embossed gold was lifted to his parched lips, but in vain; the lips quivered, and a wild beautiful smile lit his brow; evidently there was a sudden cessation in his pain.—"Mother, mother," he whispered, "I am well now." Lady Rothseaton bent over him; lower and lower she bent, as he sank back, and then a wild shriek told that hope and fear were over.

Who knew, who knew when the young heir died? The evening of that day, a large party were assembled at another house in the same square. "The Rothseaton's have had their child," said one lady to the hostess. "Was he an only son?" said the guest. "Yes," replied the lady, who does the property go to?"

A TRAGIC STORY.

Charles had been about two days. Poor Julia had been wishing and wishing for him, his well known steps sounded in the entry; the door opened, and she met him with a lightened colour in her cheek, and her blue eyes flashing from beneath their long lashes with sparks of joy and glad pleasure. Shall I mention particulars? It is scarcely necessary. He who cannot imagine how a warm hearted young wife in the happy mood, would meet her husband, an absence of two whole days, is no reader for me.

"Oh! Peter," she exclaimed, after the first transport had a little subsided, "I am glad you have returned, my dear Charles! I was afraid you would not come;—that you were sick, or gone, or what not; but you are here, and now, have you had a pleasant time? and how do they all do? and when did you get home?"

"Well, them," answered she, glancing her eyes at a clock, and looking at her watch, "I am about ready to listen to the news—I don't speak another word till you have done."

"And with considerable apparent difficulty she closed her lips."

"Now then," said Charles, "Mark me."

"Well then," continued her husband, laughing, "in the first place, they are all well; in the next place, I have had a very pleasant time; and lastly, I have seen old Mr. Peterson and aunt Sarah, and Mr. and Mrs. Vandeyke, and little Bob Henry, and Maria."

"And this," inquired Julia, "is the news you are to tell? and these are all you saw?" "Oh no!" replied Charles, mysteriously; far from it Julia, I have met one more—one most beautiful, bewitching being more—the very counterpart of Venus! Such an complexion—such ringlets, long and glossy, and cheeks—roses and lilies are worth a kingdom! There is nothing in all nature sweeter than her lips, and her eyes are bright as stars, and no man should look upon her. They were soft, melting, liquid, heavenly blue—full of the light of intellect, and trembling every beam of them with a tenderness that makes the heart ache."

"You are only joking with me," said Julia, enviously, but in vain, to check the change that came over her face, as the smile of the cloud dissipated the stream. "This is some stupid Dutch beauty, and you can scarcely describe her with out laughing.—Come, now, tell the truth."

"You may believe it or not, just as you please," said Charles, "but I assure the whole account of it is true as the enjoyment of it was unparagoned, and the memory of it is delicious."

Julia was sensitive and far from it. She loved her husband with that deep tenderness which knew all the thrill of love's hopes and fears. Her heart was like a globe filled to the brim, whose contents trouble and overflow when touched ever so lightly. There was therefore in these enthusiastic praises of another something strange, and even cruel. Still she could not believe that he was serious; and forcing a smile, and struggling to keep her countenance, she listened to him in silence as he rattled on.

"Our meeting was marked with uncommon interest. Old Mr. Peterson introduced me to her, after having previously hinted that, before I was married, she had regarded me with more than common complacency."

"Charles!" said Julia, in a low voice, by name; she said nothing—but oh! the eyes of her were fixed on him with a gaze that reached into the innermost recesses of his heart, and seemed to touch all the chords of feeling which nature had strung to his joy.—Wherever I went, I found her eyes still turned towards me, and I could not help playing around her eyes, and so, a fine line faded and bright then in the woman's mind, and I took, but not always a trust to the charms of her face, I could restrain myself no longer; but I saw her lovely lips, I approached and—"

Poor Julia—she thought she heard the knell of her young dreams. The hue of her cheeks, and the sparkle of her azure eyes were gone long before; and as he pointed in such glowing colours the picture of his feelings, her lip quivered, and her face swelled in and dimmed the blue light of eyes beautiful as day.

"I will never speak to you again, Charles," said she, "it is true." "It is true," he exclaimed, "only not half like the reality. It was your own picture, my sweet girl that I kissed again and again." She looked at him a moment, and bowed her eyes in his bosom. As she lifted her head, and shaking back her ringlets that fell around her face, displayed her face smiling through tears, his arm softly fondled her around her waist, and—but I am at the end of my story.

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